

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

IN AFFLICTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Come now, oh friends, and see if there has been
A grief like this of ours;
While we were looking on the pleasant scene,
And Romeo took our hearts.
A vacancy is made. Time never comes,
And still our eyes grow dim;
Though God the Father sent to do His will,
And take our hearts to Him.

These human hearts forever more will yearn,
These human lips will cry
In weakness, oh, might the dead return,
Return and never die!

For clouds and darkness are around our God,
Mysterious was His way,
When more than life we laid beneath the sod,
With these we mix to-day.

As through a glass how darkly do we see,
How weak our faith has grown!
And face to face with Him we long to be,
To know as we are known.

How like a tottering infant ere it stands,
Are we without God's grace;
So, Heavenly Father, take us by the hand,
Through this dark, rugged place.

EMELINE CLARK.

The Haunted House of Arleigh.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET MORRIS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOUSE ON THE TOTTENHAM ROAD.

It was on the Tuesday evening of a bright autumn day that had been dull and windy as it was on towards sunset, that I stood on the broad stone steps of the house on Tottenham Road. Rachael, after a long week of permission, had gone with her maid down to Dover where some distant relatives lived, and I had parted from them correspondingly to enter on my new duties. Still I think I felt a strange timidity creep over me, and make me tremble as the bell sounded with a distant hollow ring, and I awaited the opening of the door. It was seven long years since I had heard anything harsher than Rachael's kindly voice, and a feeling, not altogether of dread or fear, but a mixture of these and a distrust of my own ability, came upon me as I tried to nerve myself for entering on my new life. The woman I had soon opened the door, after a few minutes, that seemed to me an age.

"Ah," she said, "you are here. Come up stairs, don't wait, Tim will carry up your box." I followed her up a handsome staircase. It was a fine house—spacious and grand in every way, but not new or cheerful looking. Everything about it was massive and well kept, but either that the lights were dim, or that it was so large and imposing, when I first crossed the threshold, a strange awe seized me. At the first landing we turned and walked towards the back of the house. Here, at the last door but one opening on the hall, we stopped.

"This is your room to see in, Barbara," said the woman, "and your bedroom opens from within."

With this she stepped back to get a light from a table that stood but a few paces beyond, and I advanced a step or two within the open door. As I did so a face seemed to come forward to meet me from within. Only a face, for I could not see even the outline of the body it belonged to, and as I tried to steady my eyes it was gone, and my companion, with a lighted candle, was beside me. I glanced round the apartment as we entered. It was a lofty, well furnished room, with a sewing-chair and table at one window, as the only evidence of the use for which it was intended. For the rest, there was a couch with cushions, a case of books, pictures and easy-chairs, such as belong to a lady's sitting-room. I looked nervously into every corner; besides us two there was no one there. Whose could the face have been that seemed to advance towards me as I stood on the threshold? I had partly turned towards the woman to ask her, when I caught the expression of her face; it was cold, hard and forbidding, and I resolved, "I will not tell her," and so was silent.

"Is it here you'll be wanting this, now?" asked a cheerful voice, with a brogue to it, and the old man she had called Tim poked his head in the door with my box on his shoulder. His face, like his voice, was fresh and cheerful, and he had an air about him of being thoroughly at home, which didn't seem at all to belong to the place. "Is it here, Mrs. Janet?" he continued, as she opened a small door at the end of the room, and held up her candle to throw in the light. "Well, then, in here it goes, and there it is both safe and tidy." With that the old man rubbed his hands and smiled on me with an amiable cordiality.

"There, Tim," said she, whom he had called Mrs. Janet. "That's enough," and she held the door open, with a slight motion towards it, of the light she still held.



A RECENT WATERPOW.

The above is a representation of a Water-pow., behind from Brighton, England, on Friday, the 21st of August. Now, in "Punch," it is in the English paper, but we are writing to bring the great elevation of the tower of Worthing College as an observatory. The morning was very dull and thundery, attended with a few showers, and the lightning severe. The clouds were seen to be moving in all directions, some light and fuscous, others heavy and of grand appearance. The sea at the time (nine o'clock) was quite calm, with a slight

breeze. Moving from the northeast. At five minutes past nine the clouds were seen to move in a column about half a mile to the eastward, and gradually increase in the column, which descended, diminishing in size, till, when about fifty feet from the surface of the sea, it increased, and united with a dense vapor arising from the water in the shape of a cone. The sea for about a circle of three hundred feet was in a most disturbed state, the immense waves rolling to a centre and throwing up masses of foam. At 9.15 the waterpow.

broke, and an exceedingly heavy bell-tower attended its dissolution; some of the stones being about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The waterpow. was thrown from Worthing about two miles. The "disturbed water travelled to the eastward at a rapid rate (nearly forty miles per hour), and when opposite Brighton another waterpow. was formed, far more graceful in appearance than the first, the upper part not being so bulky, but much higher. Its existence, however, was but of short duration.

"There's no hurry in life for me, Mrs. Janet," he returned; "if yourself would be going, don't stand out of politeness to me, for I'll excuse you." So saying, he regarded her with the same friendliness that had bestowed on me, but which she was so far from reciprocating, that she hustled him out without ceremony, and closed the door in his face. When he was gone she took the light into the inner room, laid it on a small dressing-table there, and left me, saying, "When the bell rings it will be for tea; yours will be brought up to you to-night."

I was glad to have her go—for every time I looked at her she became more and more repulsive to me; something about her eyes, a dark ring around the outside of them and a reddish streak within, gave her a look I cannot describe; and her short manner and hard voice seemed to shut her out from any human interest or kindly feeling. Alone, I began to think about the face I had seen.

"It was fancy," I said to myself, "all fancy." Once before, long ago at Mrs. Mathers', I ran up the kitchen stairs into the dark yard, and I was sure I saw a cloudy figure looming up over me at the top. "This is just the same. I was timid in this strange place and imagined it." Having thus settled the question, I did not attempt to be frightened about it again; but it was not driven out of my mind. I looked around my room, a neat little place with one window, and two doors besides the one at which I came in; one opening into a closet; (the other was closed or fastened on the other side.) There was a little tent bedstead, a carved chest of drawers, a dressing-table, wardrobe, etc., all polished and handsome; and with a profound sense of delight and comfort in my surroundings, I began putting my things away in good order, smoothing my hair and arranging my dress. "It was a strange idea," I kept thinking meanwhile, that I should imagine such a face as that; I never saw one like it except in a picture. A picture—that's it; I must have seen a picture it, with that dark skin, black eyes, and that strange white-head-dress."

After a while, Mrs. Janet came back again and laid in the larger room a little tray with my tea on it. I was still busily arranging my drawers, but as she signified by a word or two that I had best take it then, I hurried through, and sat down where she had placed it on the table, between two lighted candles. I was still sitting there, wondering when I should see the lady who was to be my mistress, and whether Rachael felt anxious about me, after the effort I had made to convince her it was useless, when I heard the door close softly—I had not heard it open—and a soft voice said—

"So this is Barbara?"

I think I never heard so soft a voice, so tender, musical, and low, as it sounded. I looked up, rose and curseyed, and then looking up again, felt a strange surprise at finding myself in the presence of Miss Arleigh, the pale lady I had seen two years before at Rachael's rooms.

"I thought the lady's name was Mrs. Brice," I stammered; "it reads so on the card."

Janet had, Miss Arleigh, whom she had, was dressed with a nervousness and shyness, but beauty to beauty. She would spring up to walk the floor for an hour at a time, now and then pausing two or three to look over my shoulder, what I was reading, about her, as if my words alone were not sufficient to fill the subject in her mind. Sometimes she would stop suddenly and stand, then renew her walk with greater energy until the paroxysm, or whatever else it might be, had passed away. When any one sat by her, she, the fixed, set smile that had been so pleasurable to me, never varied from her face, her voice was lower and softer than ever. Janet became older and more serious, if possible. There were, as I began to think, my influences in the time, it had its effect on her as well, for she became really terrible. I was oppressed by all this, and by the silence of Rachael, too, but there was something in me, youth it may be, or naturally high spirits, that could not always submit me and kept me gay, except when I was alone, and then I thought of Rachael till I cried myself to sleep. One evening just about this time, I was standing by the window of the sewing room; Janet had brought the light, and I had gone there to draw the curtain down. I stood looking out for a moment, with it in my hand, when Miss Arleigh came and looked over my shoulder.

"What do you see?" she asked, quickly, "what do you see?"

"Oh, nothing," I answered, "I was looking at those white snow drifts wrestled against the dark stones here, and it made me think—"

"Of what?" said Janet, "what did it make you think of now?"

She had not left the room as I had supposed, but was standing between Miss Arleigh and me, holding those strong, hard eyes of hers on me, and so I answered, being a little glad I should be let her know how disengaged I thought her:

"Why, to tell you the truth, I thought of you and Miss Arleigh—you, cold and imperious, like that gray, hard stone; she, gentle and white, as she is like snow."

If I had said the most foolish thing in the whole world, I could not have made Janet laugh more. It was anything but inspiring to hear her, for the sound was harsh and discordant; but she seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

"You think she's gentle, do you," she cried; "why, look at her little hand, of course she's gentle, and white—yes, she ought to be white, you know, for there's not a spot on her anywhere, is there? Ho, ho! excuse me, miss, but this Barbara is such a droll one; ho, ho! gentle and white to be sure."

Whiter—far, far whiter than it had ever been before, because Miss Arleigh's face, as she listened to this.

"Janet! Janet!" she cried, each time her tones becoming fainter and fuller of something between command and entreaty. Janet turned to me. She had her laugh out this time, and her face was now just as it always was. "Go down for the tea urn, Barbara, will you?" she asked. "We have been making too much noise for Miss Arleigh."

I went out into the hall, closing the door after me, and turned to run down the staircase and do her bidding. I think I had reached the top stair, and was standing with my hand on the broad bannister, when I happened to glance up along the hall. It was not lighted yet, and among the shadows at the farther end I saw a figure. I stopped where I stood and looked earnestly. "Who can it be?" I thought. As if in answer, it came forward where the light shot upwards from the lighted hall below, and stood disclosed.

A foreign woman, with a strange white head-dress, a crimson scarf around her waist, and ornaments of gold about her. In the moment I stood rooted there, without power, I thought a score of thoughts, the plainest of all was that I had seen her before; and that it was for me those slender hands were outstretched; to me those dark eyes appealed. She went back again towards the door, where the shadows lay thickest, and released from her gaze as she did so, I sprang down the staircase as if I were flying, with a wild desire to get among the lights and voices of the kitchen.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WARNING.

I burst so suddenly into the kitchen that I flung the door back with a loud crash as I entered, and stood trembling and panting in the middle of the floor. Old Tim sat in the corner, with a basin before him, and the cook, a deaf old woman, for whom I knew no other name, was busy round the hearth.

"You see what comes of being in too great a hurry, Miss Bab," said the old man, in allusion to my breathless state. "It's what I take great pains to avoid myself, for, says I, what you make in speed you lose in breath, and it's little we could do without that same, you know."

"It's not that, Tim, but I've been so frightened. Oh, Tim, did you know anything about a strange lady living in those rooms beyond the staircase? I saw her to-night and she startled me so."

The old woman stood still to look at me. She could not distinguish my words, so I knew my face must have expressed the excitement I was in.

"See that, now, you're frightening the cook,

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIGURE ON THE STAIRS.

Christmas was near at hand, and a strange change seemed to fall on the household in Tot-

poor hand. "Did the tea you've after? I'll just give you a hand with it, for it's too weighty for me."

The maid, who understood through long experience the meaning of Tim's words, gave him the tea, and he took it in both hands, nodding to her to follow him.

"Bring a light," said he, an injunction I was glad to obey.

When we got outside, in the lower hall, he turned and looked at me narrowly.

"Where did you see the strange lady?" he asked, in an abrupt way.

"Just where the arched window is that lights the upper hall. She seemed to come out from among the shadows there, and I saw her face once before on the night I first came here; it was in my room then."

The thought of her being able to enter and leave my room at will was not at all reassuring to me, and knowing that Tim had lived at Miss Arleigh's household for years and years, and knew all about its arrangements, I brought him to tell me who the lady was, and why she was never seen or mentioned in the family. The only answer he made me left the affair as unexplained as before. It was this:

"Whoever she is, Miss Bab," he said, mentioning me to follow him up stairs, "it's plain she has nothing to do with you; and if them that has her here, don't name her, why should we? We must just mind our prayers and remember our duty and leave the rest to God."

"But, Tim," I said, trembling as we neared the upper hall—"it was the seemed to want; she came towards me and would have spoken, only I was frightened and ran away."

"If you see her again tell me; will you promise me that, now?" He stopped and looked at me solemnly until I answered.

"Oh, yes, of course I will; but do find out what she is doing in those closed rooms; it frightened me so that I'm shaking yet."

We were at the door now, and we entered the room together, Tim carrying the urn and I the light.

"Well, Barbara, you made a stay in the kitchen," said Janet crossly. "Miss Arleigh has waited so long for her tea that she has lost all desire for it."

Tim came to the rescue promptly.

"You see, now, Mrs. Janet, this was just the way it happened: The urn was heated from the fire, and so Miss Bab couldn't put a finger to it till I come and tuck a napkin in each hand and brought it up, and here it is now waiting for you."

"Well, that's enough about it," she answered gruffly, and turned to Miss Arleigh, who, with her back towards us, sat by the fire. She now rose and came towards the table, looking very faint and ill, and dropped into a seat nearby. Janet did not speak to her, but her manner was softened, and she watched her with something as nearly like feeling and kindness as it was possible for her to show. We had been silent for some time, when at last she said: "You eat nothing; what shall I do for you?"

Miss Arleigh started and looked wildly around her.

"Some one is dying," she said, "some one, I know; some one who was a friend to me once. I can't tell who, but I know it is so."

Janet frowned darkly.

"Why, this is a sick folly, and you must be ill indeed. It is too weak for you to heed these things. You had one of your dreadful warnings seven years ago, that went off in smoke, as this will do."

"You are mad to say nothing happened," returned her mistress excitedly; "he did not die to be sure, but his life was aimed at, that was something, surely, and there was something more if we but knew it."

"Well, well," said Janet, with a strange chuckle, "it has kept him safe in India all these years, whatever it was. Some families, however pure their blood, have a few white drops about the heart that will show themselves once in a while."

"Let him and his blood rest," returned the other bitterly. "Some one I say will die to-night—some one I have known and who has cared for me. God knows they have not been many. The circle is narrowed now, and one more—poor Rachael Balot."

She sat with Janet beside her, their backs toward the door; I was opposite, but they had not looked at, or thought of me, I think, since they sat there. Now Miss Arleigh leaned over and laid her hand softly on Janet's, and as she did so, I looked up, and fixing my eyes on the door, tried to speak, to cry out, to move, and could not, for of all the horrors I ever felt or knew, the world had seized me then. The door had faded out of sight somehow, at least it was not there, and in its stead stood three figures. The strange foreign lady, and on either hand Hespy in her long white robe, and dear little Rachael just as I had seen her last. They were gone in an instant, and breath and voice came back to me. I rose, staggered forward, caught Miss Arleigh by the arm, and with a cry that refused to take the form of words at my will, fell at her feet. I saw for an instant her bewildered start, and Janet's sudden springing to catch me, and then I knew nothing more.

CHAPTER IX.

Janet Brice was my physician, and a good one in every way; for out of my fright came the first fever or illness I had ever known. When my senses came back again, I was lying in my own room, and she was attending me—not tenderly, but quietly and promptly. For a long time I could not remember what had happened to me; at last it all came back; but not with the force or dread of its occurring. I was strangely still; not sleepy but quiet. I lay there wondering, I think, that anything should ever have frightened or annoyed me, and being only indifferently but quite happy.

"Janet," I said at last, "I wanted to speak but found it a great effort at first. "Why do I feel so still and dreamy; I never felt so before."

"You never took an opiate before, then," she replied, shortly. "You have been alarming the whole house with your nervous nonsense, and frightening Miss Arleigh out of her wits; so I gave you one."

"Did I frighten Miss Arleigh," I found myself asking, without at all meaning to do it. "I'm glad I frightened her; and I wish I had started her, Janet, you're such a fearful pair you two."

"She had no notion of me, and I went on to tell her that she was like a terrible old gipsy I had known once, though I never remembered that I had known a gipsy until that moment, when it seemed quite plain to me; that this old gipsy's name was 'Mah'—'Queen Mah,' I

tended to call her, and she was far off and more afraid still than Janet, that I used to be like Mah, and then Bob, and then Tom. Mother called me Barbara at last. As I went on in an incomprehensible strain of consciousness that I had no control over, the woman I knew as Janet seemed suddenly to disappear as I looked at her. She raised her hand above her head and held the air with them; her whole face worked as if she were raving or狂狂, but she made no sound of any kind. At last she seemed to come to me and look at my hair, my face, my arms, all the while making those silent motions that writhed her face so strongly. Then I heard even those frantic looks, and by-and-by turned away unnoticed by any memory, on the bended, dark sea of unconsciousness.

It was night again—the lamps were lighted; and I heard a strong wind whistle and chirrup past the windows, and a bright fire crackle on the hearth, before I could remember anything about the bed I lay on and the wet bandages about my forehead. Then I saw Janet come towards me with a cup, and seeing that I knew her, passed with a look on her face, beckoning pleasure.

"Is it night again?" I asked.

"It has been night many a time since you knew it," she answered.

While I lay still looking at her, and trying to think in a weak, wavering sort of way, I heard another voice speak—it was Miss Arleigh's, and she stood in the doorway with a letter in her hand. She was pale and trembling, and spoke in a solemn, suppressed tone.

"Janet, you laughed at my death bed; it did not seem in vain this time. I said I had but two in the world to aid or care for me; there is only one now, Janet; Rachael Balot died that night at Dover."

CHAPTER X.

LACHAEL'S SACRIFICE.

That was my first sorrow. I had been frightened, worried, and miserable before, but I had never known anything like this. A numb sinking sensation seized my heart; a sense of desolation fell upon my life, and all hope or desire left me. I neither moaned or cried out when I heard those dreadful words: "Rachael Balot died at Dover," but for a while I lay stunned with the weight of the blow that had fallen on me; then I rose, with no trace of the weakness I had felt but a few moments before, and began dressing myself hastily. I had no object in this except that it seemed imperative for me to be there and think quietly. I felt an intense desire to move or run swiftly. I was alone, Janet and Miss Arleigh had gone away somewhere, I suppose; for I was not conscious of seeing either all that day. A great fire lay on the hearth, and it gleamed and sparkled cheerfully; the wind kept up a sighing moan around the tall windows, but when the lamps were lighted, all within glowed bright in mocking comfort to my sick and aching heart. I walked up and down before the wide fireplace trying to reason with my grief. "How could she die, without a word of farewell to me, oh, Rachael! Rachael!" This cry rose continually from the scattered mass of conjecture that racked my brain, as to why I had lost her, her, my only friend. Then for the first time since that dreadful night, I recalled her figure as I had seen it standing when I looked up suddenly. The gentle, smiling face that had blessed my whole life in such strange company. Happy, the dead woman, and the wonderful fair lady that had come and gone like a spirit in the house. I clasped my hands around my head, as my mind dwelt on the picture; a maddening feeling, like a tight cord pressing into my brain, possessed my soul, I longed yet dreaded to see it resurface. I fixed my eyes on the door, and strained them in anxious horror hoping yet blind to see my hope should be fulfilled. By-and-by it opened slowly and old Tim entered with wood in his arms to mend the fire. He started when he saw me.

"Well, by this an' by that! I am proud to see ye up, Miss Bab, sure. I was sure ye were laid up past rising. I am glad enough to see ye moving."

"I am not well yet, Tim," I cried, breaking into a sort of wail. "Oh, Tim, Tim! I shall never be well at heart again, for I've lost all the hope and love of my life. Oh! Rachael, Rachael!"

The old man, was stooping over the coals, raking them slowly together, and laying fresh sticks upon them. Now he paused and looked kindly up in my face.

"Do I be worse on ye to speak of what's happened, nor to smother it like? Some do be the better for givin' words to their trouble."

I had felt an empty sense of loneliness among my other pangs, and now this old man's sympathy awakened it anew.

"Oh, Tim, I have had a sad blow. She was my only friend. Pray, let me tell you of her goodness.

I said this weeping—not so bitterly as I had hoped, for to speak of Rachael seemed to take a part of the sting from my grief. I told him that I was an orphan, without a friend on earth, when Rachael found me; and then I told him how she had destroyed all sense of desolate loneliness from my life, and filled it with more than a sister's love. He listened with a gentle, attentive smile upon his face; and when I paused, he rose and came towards me.

"This is new to me, darlin'," he said as he looked down on me. I was sitting on a low stool by the side of the hearth, and he drew a seat close beside me.

"I was here, my purty bird, when Rachael Balot, a girl no older nor you are now, was both young an' handsome, and made this cold place gay wid her pleasant ways."

"Yes, yes," I cried, "you must have known her, Tim; I never thought of it before. Oh, tell me of her, Tim."

"Well, then, I will, dear. An' now ye must forget the poor little crippled cratrher you saw her, and strive to pictur' her young and pretty, a slim Hale thing wid bright, kindly eyes, an' a laugh like a silver bell. The old place was gayer then, though it never wot ye might call a lively house. There was Miss Arleigh's aunt—the cold miss, as we call her—an' a young cousin—Colonel Arleigh was his name, forby the step-sister of our mistress, who was a fair beauty to look at."

"She was called Miss Hester. I remember Rachael mentioned her and the Colonel too, for I asked her about the Arleighs once long ago, but she didn't like to talk of them, Tim. Why was that?" I asked.

"Hespy may be she had reason enough. But Hespy, an' I'll tell ya, I spoke of Colonel Arleigh, an' yo' here bound him mentioned before; but if I was to do nothing for the length of this night but praise him, I could give ye no

one name of his beauty; for all the time I spent with him, that I used to be like him, and then Bob, and then Tom. Mother called me Barbara at last. As I went on in an incomprehensible strain of consciousness that I had no control over, the woman I knew as Janet seemed suddenly to disappear as I looked at her. She raised her hand above her head and held the air with them; her whole face worked as if she were raving or狂狂, but she made no sound of any kind. At last she seemed to come to me and look at my hair, my face, my arms, all the while making those silent motions that writhed her face so strongly. Then I heard even those frantic looks, and by-and-by turned away unnoticed by any memory, on the bended, dark sea of unconsciousness.

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While I lay still looking at her, and trying to think in a weak, wavering sort of way, I heard another voice speak—it was Miss Arleigh's, and she stood in the doorway with a letter in her hand. She was pale and trembling, and spoke in a solemn, suppressed tone.

"Janet, you laughed at my death bed; it did not seem in vain this time. I said I had but two in the world to aid or care for me; there is only one now, Janet; Rachael Balot died that night at Dover."

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"Janet, you laughed at my death bed; it did not seem in vain this time. I said I had but two in the world to aid or care for me; there is only one now, Janet; Rachael Balot died that night at Dover."

It was night again—the lamps were lighted;

and I heard a strong wind whistle and chirrup past the windows, and a bright fire crackle on the hearth, before I could remember anything about the bed I lay on and the wet bandages about my forehead. Then I saw Janet come towards me with a cup, and seeing that I knew her, passed with a look on her face, beckoning pleasure.

"Is it night again?" I asked.

"It has been night many a time since you knew it," she answered.

While I lay still looking at her, and trying to think in a weak, wavering sort of way, I heard another voice speak—it was Miss Arleigh's, and she stood in the doorway with a letter in her hand. She was pale and trembling, and spoke in a solemn, suppressed tone.

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TRUE TO THE LAST.

BY A PRISONER OF WAR.

"When St. Honoré de Marley went into the hands of Napoleon, he heartily professed, on the eve of his execution, the innocence of his lady-love, and the words: 'In the face of death my mistress was my life.' He was killed, but his widow survived the sad moments of his misery, as follows:—"—*Hawthorne's Julian Moore.*

The bugle blew the battle-call,
And through the camp each soldier heard
Waving his sword in stern array,
To fight for God and native land I
Never been so unfeeling by my side,
Our banners flying glad and free,
But you could not tell me more
I give my thoughts to thee!

The bugle shrill to end fire—
The drums with wild and thunders roll—
The right and wrong—all things that tend
To blithe valor in the soul;
These all are here—but in the mass
Of squadrons moved with furious glee,
But true to every vow we made,
I give my thoughts to thee!

The deep boom mutes the trembling air,
Each thrush proclaims the frenzied war,
And faintly echoes from the front,
I bear my gallant comrades cheer.
While, joy of heroes marching on
Through blood, their glorious land to free!
I give my thoughts to thee!

And yet, beloved, I must not think
What unfeeling was may soon be thine;
It would shame me in the world;
Of guarding well our country's shores.
Here on this earth I write my truth;

These words shall yet thy soles hear,
They'll tell how in this last fierce hour
I gave my thoughts to thee.

Along the east the holy morn
Knows life's many cares and joys.
This hour I hope some wish for me,
They pure and tender prayer employ.
Another benignant dawn of light
These eyes, alas! may never see;

But even dying, faint, and maimed,
I still would think of thee.

And then in coming years that roll,
When scenes of peace and brightness throng,
And round each happy hour is twined
The wreathes of friendship, love, and song;
Go to his grave whose heart was thine,
And by that spot a mourner be—
One tear for him thy loved and lost,
Whose last thought clung to thee!

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Vernor's Pride," "The Shadow of Athlydyst," "Sister Evelyn's Heir,"
"The Mystery," etc., etc.

(Published according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861,
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PART XLIII.

DAY-DREAMS RUSTLY INTERRUPTED.

Seated before a costly breakfast service of Sevres porcelain with its adjuncts of glittering silver, was Caroline Cray, in a charming morning robe of white muslin and blue ribbons with which she would have called a *coiffure*, all blue ribbons and white lace, on her silken hair. A stranger, taking a bird's-eye view of the scene, of the elegant room, the expensive accessories, the reverberative attire of its mistress, would have concluded that there was no lack of means, that the income supporting all this must at least be to the extent of some thousands a year.

In truth Mark Cray and his wife were a practical illustration of that honest but expressive saying which must be as familiar to you all: they had begun at the wrong end of the ladder. When fortune has come; when it is actually realized, in the hands, then the top of the ladder, comprising its Sevres porcelain and other costs in accordance, may be safe and comfortable, but if we begin there without first climbing to it, too many of us have an inconvenient fashion of toppling down again. The furniture surrounding Caroline Cray was of the most beautiful design, the most costly nature; the lace on that morning robe, that pretty "*coiffure*" would make a hole in a \$20 bank note, the silver ornaments on the table were fit for the first palace in the land, and Mr. and Mrs. Cray had got these things about them—and a great deal more besides which I have not time to tell you of—anticipatory of the fortune that was to theirs; not that already was. And now their footing on that high ladder was beginning to tremble, just as that of the milkmaid did when she sent the milk out of her milkpail, and so destroyed her dreams.

Caroline sat at her late breakfast, toying with a fashionable newspaper—that is, one giving notice of the doings of the fashionable world—sipping her coffee, sifting with some delicate fingers of basted roll, casting frequent glances at the mirror opposite to her, whose polished plate was reflected that pretty face, which in her pardonable vanity she believed had not its peer. All unconsciously was she of that turbulent scene thus being enacted in the city, of the fact that her husband was at that moment finding his way to her in a cab into which he had jumped to hide himself, in a jolt fear and dismay. Caroline had slept sound and late after her night's gayety, and very much surprised was she to find her husband had arisen and was gone out without speaking to her. She felt crest at it. She wanted to ask Mark an explanation of his strange conduct of not coming to the dinner on the previous night, of not making his appearance at all indeed, at what she called a decent hour. She had asked him about it in the carriage coming home, when kept him, and he said "Nothing much. He had to go to Oswald's; he'd tell her in the morning." But when the morning arose, she found Mark gone.

"The German waiting-places never know as full as they are this year!" she remarked, calling a short-sighted or two from the newspaper to herself. "I'm rather sorry we can't go. Perhaps over now Mark might—what have I said?"

It was the striking of the French clock behind her that caused the remonstrance. She turned, and found it was eleven; later than Caroline thought,

and she started for breakfast quickly and very hot.

While the things were being prepared, she began thinking over happenings for the day, some conversation into the country had been spoken of for the afternoon; and, now Mark was gone, she was at an uncertainty. Mrs. Cray turned her pretty face in pensiveness on the carpet, and felt curiously angry with the dimwitted stranger who had disturbed her husband when he was dining on the previous evening, and kept him from going out with her to dinner.

"How long did that gentleman stay here last night, George?" she suddenly asked of the servant. "Mr. ——— what was the name? Breakwater, I think."

"He stopped a good while, ma'am. I think it was between nine and ten when he left."

"What a shame! Keeping Mr. Cray all that while, I wonder stayed with him! I wouldn't."

"My master was not with him all the time, ma'am," said the man, wishing to be conciliative. "He went out and left the gentleman waiting for him; he was out for some time."

"They are so unscrupulous, these people!" grumbled Caroline to herself. "They don't go to evening amusements themselves, don't get invited, I daresay, and we have no consideration for others who do. I'd make them come to me in business hours, if I were Mark."

She sat on, after the departure of the breakfast things, leaning back in an easy-chair and turning curiously the leaves of a new novel, those that would open, for she did not start herself to eat them. A very hollow mood was she in that morning, tired and out of sorts. By-and-by her maid came in to talk about some alteration that was to be made in a dress, and Caroline told her to bring the dress to her.

That a little annoyed her. It was a beautiful evening-dress of flowered silk, and she stood over the table, where the maid laid it, consulting with her about some change in the color of the trimming. Becoming absorbed in this, she scarcely noticed that some one had come into the hall and opened the door of the room. Some expression in the maid's countenance as she looked up, caught her attention, and she turned quickly round.

Mark was there, glancing into the room. Mark with a white aspect and a scared, dreamy look on his face. Before Caroline had time to question, in fact almost before she looked, he was gone and had closed the door again. So quiet had been the movement, so transient the vision, that Caroline spoke in her surprise.

"Was not that your master?"

"Yes, ma'am. Something was the matter, I think. He looked ill."

"I will go and see. Mind, Long, I'll decide upon pink. It is the prettiest color."

"Very well, ma'am. As you please, of course. I only think pink won't go so well with the dress as violet."

I tell you, Long, that violet will not light up. You know it won't, without my having to relate it over to you. No color lights up so badly as violet. Pink. And let the ruffles be very full and handsome."

Speaking the last words in a peremptory tone, she went in search of Mark. He was standing upright in the dining-room, in the midst of its floor, looking more like a man lost, than a man in his composed senses.

"Mark, what's the matter?"

He turned to his wife,—he had been undecided whether to tell her or not. It was a question he was debating with himself on his way down: that is, he had been floating through his mind in a sort of under-current. To concentrate his thoughts deliberately upon one point sufficiently to debate it, was beyond the power of Mark Cray.

Mark's true disposition was showing itself now. Vacillating and unstable by nature, utterly deficient in that moral courage which meets an evil when it comes, and looks it steadily in the face to see how it may be best dealt with, the blow of that morning had taken away what little sense Mark possessed. He was as a frightened child; a ship without a rudder; he was utterly unable to distinguish what his proper course ought to be; he did not know where to go or what to do: his chief thought was, to run away from the torrent that had broken loose. He must hide himself from the storm, but he could not face it.

When he jumped into the cab, and the driver had said, "Where to, sir?" he gave his home in Grosvenor Place in answer, simply because he could not think of another direction to give in that bewildering moment: so the cab drove on. But Mark did not want to go to Grosvenor Place. He had nothing to get from there; he had no business there, and a feeling came over him that he had rather not meet his wife just then. He wanted to hide himself and his bewildered mind and his scared face in some nook of remote shelter, far from the haunts of men, where that remorseless crowd, just escaped from, would not pounce upon him. Mark had not given himself time to ascertain that their disposition was pacificatory: he was wondering rather whether they had yet pulled the oars down. Neither Mark Cray nor Caroline was fitted to encounter the storms of life. So long as the sailing was smooth, it was well; but when the waves arose rough and turbulent, the one proved physically, the other morally unable to breast them.

Mark stopped the cab as it was turning into Grosvenor Place: some vague feeling prompting him that it might be safer to steal quietly into his home than to dash up to it in a cab. The tidings perhaps had travelled far and wide, and people might be already there, as well as at the offices. Mark was half determined to make the best of his way at once to the scene of the Great Wheal Bang itself, the mine; and with his own eyes whether things were so bad that they could not be mended. At least he should be away from his furious enemies in London. One, more under the influence of reason, than Mark Cray, might have thought it well to ascertain whether those enemies were so furious, before running from them. When a man of no moral courage loses his presence of mind, he merits pity perhaps rather than condemnation.

Mark, what's the matter?"

With her actual presence before him, with the pointed question on her lips, Mark Cray's induction went completely out. He could no more have told her the truth at that moment than the golden prospect so implicitly believed he had turned to ruin, and the offices yonder were being besieged with noisy shareholders, than he could have told it to the besiegers themselves.

"The master?" repeated Mark, at a loss for any other answer.

You look as if something were the master, Mark. And what have you done back for?"

"Oh, I left some—some papers at home," answered Mark, speaking as curiously as he

could, "There's nothing the master will, we know there's not, that's all. I gave him an extra dinner."

Forsooth Caroline did not deem this commentation particularly relevant to the subject.

"What made you go away so early, Mark?" she asked. "You never talked anything about Hendon to-day?"

"Well, I don't think I am [sic], said Mark.

"Lark?" she asked. "Mark?"

Mark's "lark" was spoken in reference to a dancing lark on the door. A knock and a ring sought to shake the house down. He looked round at the wall for a moment as if he wanted to make a dash into them; he stepped towards the window, hesitated, and drew away again. Finally he opened the door to escape, but too late, for Hendon was already in the hall. Caroline looked at her husband in wondering dismay.

"Mark, what has come to you?"

"Lark!" whispered Mark, the perspiration rolling up to his forehead, as he bent his head to catch the sound from those voices. "Mark! lark?"

"Is Mr. Cray at home?"

"No, sir," she went to the City early this morning."

Now Mark Cray blushed his earnest for the unconscious mistake, he alone could tell. The man had not seen his master come in, and had no idea he was in the house.

"Come to the City, is he? Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, sir."

A noise. Mark's heart was beating.

"What time will he be home?"

"I don't know, sir."

Another pause.

"I suppose Mr. Barker's not here?"

"Mr. Barker? Oh, dear me, sir."

And that was followed by the closing of the hall-door. Mark Cray gave a great gasp of relief, and went upstairs to his own room.

He did not stay there above a minute.

Caroline remembered it afterwards—heard a drawer or two opened and shut. She had been following him, but was momentarily detained by a question from her maid, who was coming out of the breakfast-room with the dress upon her arm. Caroline stopped while she answered it, and in going up the stairs she met Mark coming down.

"Who was that at the door, Mark? Who did you think it was?"

"I don't know who it was."

"You seemed alarmed. Or annoyed."

"Well," returned Mark, speaking rather fast, "it is annoying to have business fellows coming after me to my house. Why can't they go to the offices?"

"To be sure," said Caroline, reassured.

ONE HOUR.

A heart as changeful as the skies,
A treacherous smile that flings a lie;
Are fit mates to doubtful eyes;
Fit mates to a doubtful life;

And these are yours, I know you well;

Your heart has open like a book;

Is there no blot? Truly every look,

You'll say that I have spoken well;

But you will say that I have spoken ill.

You sought to trap me by your gaze;

To bind me with your flowing hair;

I fastened round your beauty bane;

You leaped to laugh at my disorder;

I know you well—but fit that pain;

Enough! You walk your road; I mine;

I will not say you will repine;

I am content, as fit it goes;

—In the hour of change?

Enough! Whose hopes are fabled? Mine!

Not mine: my heart shall never cease;

That yours? It may be gratified;

Only weak hearts lie "neath love's coop.

My love is strong, yes, strong and proud;

Your love is shallow, shallow,

And all the years which are to be,

Will apparently make it strong and proud.

If you had heard the bitter word,

I unanswered as I stood two more;

Indeed, you then would have averred—

That all my love had turned to dust.

A quiet hour had made the change;

A quiet hour of gentle thoughts and rest;

When it was done, I turned and went;

Three blithe hours that made this change;

In the hour of change?

Hearts are not playthings, body bane;

For you and yours to toss about,

'Mid steep marsh and frosty air;

With many a childhood musing about,

Well, live your life; but answer me,

Your very who and why you are;

Think not that many a foolish heart,

Will long to watch you as you play;

But I will live a nobler life,

And I will love, with nobler love,

A heart which, firm 'mid storm and strife,

For ever long its faith to prove,

Oh! I may some blessed angel come;

And over you shed her blighted bane;

Changing to meet your heart's black night,

Oh! may this blighted angel come.

—In the hour of change?

That you may know how rich is love,

And how that richer comes to all,

Like slow, soft snowflakes, from above,

Like roses falling, love-thoughts fall.

That you may curse your bygone days,

And scatter cypress o'er their grave,

And weep, and, maybe, vainly rave,—

"Come back again, ye by-gone days!"

That great Experience, trusted friend,

Who sooths our sorrows, lays at rest,

The curse that with our former blood,

May fill you gently to his bane,

May speak of all the days to come,

And point the path where flowers abond,

Sweet-sleeping, and with smiles repaid,

Oh! walk that path in days to come.

J. M. H.

A Night's Lodging in Paris.

The following tale was told to the writer of these lines some years ago by the person to whom the events therein narrated occurred. The writer immediately committed the story to paper. Though Lord —— never showed any morbid horror at the possibility of general conversation turning on topics which might remind him of the strange incident in his life which forms the subject of the narrative, he was naturally desirous that the matter should be, as far as could be, confined to the circle of his immediate friends. As he is now dead, and has left no very near relatives, there can be little danger of causing distress to any one by the publication of his story. The names are, of course, suppressed. The tale is told, as far as possible, in Lord ——'s own words.

In 18—, before I had taken my degree in Oxford, and before, by my uncle's death, I had succeeded to the title, I made arrangements to spend the whole of the long vacation abroad. I was by no means desirous of a solitary journey, and was glad to learn that O'Brien, whose rooms were on the same staircase with my own at Brussels, and with whom I was tolerably intimate, was also meditating a continental tour. We made arrangements for starting together at the end of the summer term, and in order to lose no time I determined not to go into Scotland to my mother before my departure, but to travel as quickly as possible to Dover. O'Brien had as little to detain him as I. We slept a night in the capital, and a night in the port, and three days after leaving Oxford were lodged in the Hotel Dessein. Neither of us had ever left England before, and we were both full of the spirit of enjoyment. The quaint costumes, the new cookery, the ponderous diligences—but I won't trouble you with a diluted road-book. I do not wish to give you my crude ideas on the state of society and the aspects of the buildings in France, but the history of one night in Paris. We reached that city, still together, but the first fortnight of our journey had taught us that we were not very well suited for companions. It was my delight to stop to sketch some tawny old market woman, in her stiff white cap; I could spend a whole day in church, and have still somewhere a portfolio full of corbeilles and sacrees and cornices, marked St. Omer, Lille, Cambrai, Amiens, and other places of smaller note. O'Brien grew terribly tired of all this. He said the scenery was detectable, he thought all the churches were shockingly out of repair, and was anxious to hasten his arrival in the French metropolis. But in Paris we were separated more than ever. In addition to the incongruity of our tastes, political feeling tended to keep us apart. We both had a fair number of introductions to families moving in good society. The friends who were most pleased with O'Brien, and with whom O'Brien was most pleased, though by birth entitled to hold their heads as high as any of the blue-blooded inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain, had been induced to give their countenance—so they regarded the transaction—to the court of the citizen king. An old friend of my mother's, married to a Marquis de ——, who took her under her special protection, assured me that it was impossible for the royal heart which still cherished love and hope for the (temporarily) fallen cause of the white flag, to associate with those who had degraded their race by renouncing the position of an usurper insatiable as it would be ephemeral. I confided

that I cared very little whether the older or the younger branch of the Bourbons issued the invitations for the assemblies at the Tuilleries, and I had small hopes that Charles X. would be recalled. "But I say to him," said O'Brien, "and as a necessary consequence, I must now tell you the secret of my father's death." "We had been in Paris about three weeks, and there we were staying, in the hotel, I don't know now. O'Brien for several days. We met by accident, on the occasion of the hotel, half a dozen English visitors, and

Identification would remain? A nod with a nod of the head on it, a hot William English waiter's name: nothing of much worth in Paris. But what master was it who I was, or where I lived? I should of course be taken up by the Hotel Dessein. What will they do to me, I wonder? Will they? I think, will they?"

It was this name which sprung—Alphonse, or John, in his native Provence, had sounded to me. "I looked on it, or the other, and the third, there we had a name to identify myself, that I could not longer hold in my mind. The name changed in her face."

"The name of the waiter? Will you tell me the name?" "Yes, it will not be the waiter. It was the boy who served me in the hotel. Now, if that had not been the waiter, I had not thought of it before. That was the waiter, but I could not remember his name. The name changed in her face."

"What was the waiter?"

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WIT AND WISDOM.

Storytelling of John Williams.

It is highly important that when a man makes up his mind to become a reader, that he should commence himself directly, and see if he can't better understand for a pittance.

I try in this way. If a man is right, he has to be too radical; if he is wrong, he has to be too conservative.

When you pass, you right at the bulk eye.

"Tell the truth, and shame the Devil!" I have said to people, who have chosen the Devil only and lost the better thing between them.

It is a very difficult job, now, to forgive a man, without hating him in his own estimation, and you too.

It is a difficult thing, when a woman wears the clothes, she has a good idea of them.

It is admitted now by everybody, that the man, who has got fit on barley straw, has had a good deal of sleep in him.

"I am poor, and I am glad that I am, for I find that would attract more people money, than it does government.

Woman's influence is powerful—especially when the wife controls everything.

Thinking up your men don't prove anything, like a copy book, when he is away from his home, thinks everything.

We have here two git books, but it is better now than when they were rough.

And kind or honest are a nonsense, but it is better how he behaved with a black dogger, than a brown.

It is not "that a horse don't know his strength," and I don't really suppose that a shank does either.

"Be sure you are rite then go ahead;" but in here we don't go ahead every day.

Saints and saints or religion, are like pasted newspapers, good stuff not plain cut the dresses, but the author the past you git, the won't the work.

Man aint agit tow git kicked out or good aint doing right.

The rode tow Rode, is always kept in good repair, and the travellers pa the expense or it.

If a man begins life in being a fast Lieutenant in his family, he need never tow look for promotion.

The only profits there is in having more than one dog, is what you have made on the board.

I hasn't got as much money as some folks, but I hav got no much impediment as many or them, and that is the next thing tow money.

It isn't often that a man's repudiated outlasts his money.

Don't mistake arrogance for wisdom; money people hav thought they was wise, when the was only windy.

The man who hasn't git ahead, without pulling others back, is a limited case.

Woman will sometimes confess her sins, but I never know one tow confess her faults.

Oh! what a world this is tow liv in, for the and that is infinite or dirt and devilish.

Young men, study Differences; it is the best card in the pack.

Honesty is the poor man's pork, and the rich man's puddling.

There is a luxury in sometimes feeling lame.

There is only one advantage, that I has seen, in going tow the Devil, and that is, the rode is easy, and ye are sure to git there.

Lucky—I am violently opposed tow ardent sports as a beverage, but for manufacturing purposes, I think a little it tastes good.—*Troy News.*

Just Hover in the Hiawatha.

Two newly arrived imported Englishmen just off the steamer, strolled into the restaurant attached to the Tremont house the other day, and after a wandering stare at the long row of individuals, each busily and silently engaged in bolting their allowance of food in the shortest possible time, climbed up on two of the stools, and hesitatingly ordered: "A chop and some ham." While the eagle William was ordering their meal, the attention of one of the Bulls was attracted to a dish unknown to him, but of which his neighbors were partaking with great gusto. Carefully waiting until the man next him grumbled, "Mother ear o' corn," he nudged his brother Bull with—"Eavy, there's an H'american vegetable that we don't 'ave at 'ome. Let's 'ave some," and accordingly ordered: "Haw I walter, h'var o' corn." The corn (a dish unknown in England) was brought smoking hot, and Bull passed it to his countryman, who, observing the manner of his neighbor, sliced it down with his knife, and tasted. It was with an approving wink. "Good?" asked Bull No. 1. "Werry," said No. 2, adding, with true British economy, "it's enough for both of us," passed the rest to his companion, who gravely sliced it after the manner of a connoisseur, and after seasoning it commenced eating the sliced eat. He got through two or three slices with some difficulty, and to the great delight of a small boy with a crooked head behind the bar, and the turning to his companion, quizzed: "My hym, 'arry, hif this is a sample of H'american vegetables, their neighbors may be hives plated like their bloody skins." An anxious grin did over the faces of the witnesses, and William turned fiercely on the small boy and ordered him to make change at the other end of the counter.

The End of the War.

We are asked fifty times a day, more or less, when we think the war will end. As we have no right to think, in the absence of data to think upon, we are compelled at a loss for an answer. However, for the information of those who are particularly impatient and anxious upon the subject, we will relate a dream that a friend of ours had upon the occasion of the war, which may throw some light upon the subject. He dreamt that he awoke from a sleep of fifty years, and found himself upon the same bank of the Hudson. He saw a battle distance from the spot where he awoke a Corporal with invincible arms and a wharncliffe. He approached, and asked the Corporal what the battle planning meant. "This," replied the Corporal, "is the Army of Northern Virginia." "Where are the Yankees?" inquired our friend. "They are on the other side of the river," replied the Corporal. "They have the advantage of us in numbers and concentration, as they have twenty-one men to our ten, but we expect to get the advantage in position, with the river, and that we will end." As the late Mr. Lincoln, when we have about the same number of the army, gave it the right for winning at the end of the war.

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"What part of speech is man?" said a pedagogue to a tailor boy pupil. "A verb, sir," replied the latter. "A verb, is it?" said the teacher, with a significant twist of his lips; "yes!" "Please give an example." "Man the was little terpentine's instant response."

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